

he stared at me for a long time
then he turned
started sticking his letters again

and I said
"I wonder who's winning
the old ball game?"

"4 to 2,"
somebody said
"end of the 4th"

Hodges never came back
and soon
I got out of there too.

RED MERCEDES

naturally, we are all caught in
downmoods, it's a matter of
chemical imbalance
and an existence
which, at times,
seems contrary to
any real chance at
happiness.

I was in this downmood
when this rich pig
along with his blank
inamorata
in his red Mercedes
cut
in front of me
at racetrack parking.

it clicked inside of me
in a flash:
I'm going to pull that fucker
out of his car and
kick his
ass!

I followed him
into Valet
parked behind him
and jumped from my
car
ran up to his
door

and yanked at
it.
it was
locked.
the
windows were
up.

I rapped on the window
on his
side
"open up! I'm gonna
bust your
ass!"

he just sat there
looking straight
ahead.
the woman did
likewise.
they wouldn't look
at me.
he was 20 years
younger
but I knew I could
take him
he was soft and
pampered.

I beat on the window
with my
fist:

"come on out, shithead,
or I'm going to start
breaking
glass!"

he gave a small nod
to his
woman.

I saw her reach
into the glove
compartment
open it
and slip him the
.32

MACHO MAN

the phone rings.
I answer.
it's a woman.
she says,
"you are a sick
fucker and I thought
I'd tell you
this ..."

she hangs up.

I am supposedly
unlisted.

it rings
again.

"you write this
macho bullshit
but you're
probably a
fag, you
probably want to
suck
black dick!"

she hangs
up.

I am watching
the Johnny Carson

I saw him hold it
down low
and snap off the
safety.

I walked off
toward the
clubhouse, it looked
like a damned good
card
that
day.

all I had to do
was
be there.

show.
he amuses
me;
he's so
straight-backed
dressed in his
high school
go-to-dance
suit.
he touches
his nose
his necktie
the back of
his neck.
he's a
giveaway:
he wants
desperately
to be all right
just like his
audience.

it rings again.

"you don't know
what a real
woman is!
if you ever met
a real woman
you wouldn't know
what to do
with her!"